

THE Popes Lamentation.

Or the Whore of *Babylons* overthrow.

Being an exact Compendium of his Jesuitick Retinues, promises and Supplications to delude the Multitude, and scape the Flames on the 17th instant, &c. As also, Queen *Elizabeths* Congratulation to the City of *London*.

After the Image of the Beast of *Rome*, dress'd in Formallibus, with his Triple Crown, and Crosses stuff, with his attendants of *Cardinals, Monks, Priests, and Friars*, who with an innumerable Guard, solemnly waited on his Holliness, to the Fire prepared for him: the Image being set by the side of the Bon-fire, in his Chair: confronting that of the good and Gracious Queen *Elizabeth*, who was placed as a Spectator of the Action, being done in the Honour and Memory of her Birth day, who cleared this happy Island of all the Romish superstition, and unyoked the People for ever there from, and the Image of the Devil placed on the Right Hand, and another of a Grand and reverend Jesuit, on the Left Hand, of his Holliness; to support and comfort him: a great silence being made, his Holliness before his burning made this short Speech, to the People.

THE POPES SPEECH.

You damn'd and Wicked Hereticks, are you not ashamed of this your New and upstart invention of Burning me the *Pope*, in Effigies with all this due, clutter and solemnity at first brought in by the Rage and Malice of a Wicked Phanatical Physitian, to whom I Got my Friend and Crony, Mr. Devil, to give him Water enough for his Fire, and to drown him since. But to leave the Invention, methinks 'tis but silly soppery, thus to shew your dear Soares for my destruction: by Congregating your selves together solemnly, to behold the sport of Rascally Boys, and *London* Prentices, with Butchers, and Tinkers, and such kind of Scouring, as if they were at one of your Bear baitings; I say that this should draw you Ladies and Gentlewomen, at this time of the Night, from your homes, into the Belconies, and Windows, indangering your healths at this time of the Year, and that all this Concourse of People should thus Run together, to behold the burning of a poor Image, made of Wax, of me a *Pope*, that troubles you not, that am not your Neighbour, but dwell at a great distance from you, and hardly so much as

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think of you, unless when put in mind, by this good Man, on my Left Hand, Father Jesuit who would recall you from the Errors. Consider with your selves, is it not a disgrace to Temporal Princes, that you should thus Publickly burn my Effiges, who am one as well as a Spiritual Lord, and Father, and have a Large territory left me, called the Patrimony of St. Peter, than many Temporal Princes, that you durst not serve this: you begin to move my anger, to see your folly, and in Rome, suffer nothing by it: leave off for shame this Patient, and magazine, and I will promise you, if you will spare me from the Fire, and these others the Jesuits and Devil, which are like to suffer with me, Pardons and Indulgences, not only for all your sins past, and what you now commit, but for all sins to come, be they of what nature or kind they will, so that you may have free Liberty of sinning, without remorse, as you see many of my Sons, and Daughters: dayly do, I having given power to this my Son the Jesuit, of pardoning them for all their Crimes, and this also will I grant for you, if you will return to me, and leave of this pernicious Custom of Burning a Pope. This being said, the Jesuit gravely looking about, spake thus.

THE JESUITS SPEECH.

Well good People, though you have brought us here to be burnt together fast Friend, and faithfull Counsellors, and that you Burn us in Effiges, I assure you, I yet hope to see some of you to Fry in Flames here, as well as hereafter, for this your Wicked Fact, and abominable disgrace, you show your good wills, as how kind you have been to us, we shall also Remember. Do not you think that all our Plots, and contrivances are at an End. You have discovered some of them, which indeed makes me a little admire, and made me begin to suspect, that Brother Devil had been false to us, and had betrayed our Hell-hatch'd designs, but he has assured me by many Hellish asseverations, as strong as those of our fraternity, that he is innocent of any such thing. But be it as it will, you have taken of some of our Heads, and now you burn me, as the Chief Father of the order, residing at Rome, but now we are like Hydras Heads, the more you cut off, the more Spring up in their Places, we are indifragible, and never to be tyred out, we care little what you can do against us, so we can have but a creeping hole in England! O happy England, that once yielded us such incomes: but we will still undermine you, till we have entered your Forttress, and brought you to the Old pass, which if ever we compass, wee have prepared Iron Yoaks for your Necks, and Bolts and Chains for your Armes, and feet: we'll Fetter you, and Remember this Bon-fire, with the Frying of your Flesh, and Crackling of your Bones. I now speak plain to you, and you think I am no Jesuit, because I seem to confess, mistake me not, I am Innocent as the best, and as the Child unborne, and if need be, can still affirme it with as much

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confidence; as those who have died before me, for the things were as plain, as the Nose in your Faces, yet their confidence and great Impudence has wrought so on the minds of many, that they believe them Innocent. After the same example, I say take notice all you Spectators, that I am Innocent, and no Plotter, or contriver of any mischief to you, but good to our selves, for it is no hurt to you to be Burnt, Murthered or Hanged, it is for a good cause, and for the Salvation of your Soules. What if I did say but now, that we did Plot, and contrive, I now deny that I ever did say so, you are all mistaken, I aver it, and Swear to the contrary, tho I must now be Burnt for it: I know my confidence will weigh much with some, all are not such fools, as to believe their Senses, before a Jesuits dying words, or the Oaths and Testimonies of several People, before our Imprications, and asseverations. Therefore good People take notice once more, tho I am one of the greatest boutfeds in the World, and Incendaries, one that loves to see Kingdoms together by the Ears, Fighting for Religion, whilst we laugh, share the Spoil, and have no Religion; I say, tho I Commit murders and Massacres, and all sorts of Villanies, and contrive Plot, upon Plot, and all sorts of Plots, I say, and will still say, that you will, that I and all of us, are still Innocent. The Jesuits having ended, the Devil shewing his Fangs, with a strange pleasing Grin, began thus.

THE DEVILS SPEECH.

My good People a great many of you I know, will fall to my share, I am very well pleased, that you will make me a Martier, with my dear Son the *Pope*, Jesuits; I tell you it is natural for me to be in Flames, and therefore you do but drown the Ele, and put me into my one Element for I can sleep as well in Flames, as you in cleen sheets. I shall not therefore make to you any Speeches, as at my Funeral, nor shall I go about to perswade you of my Innocency, but I will like an honest Devil (you know the Proverb, give him his due, and sometimes the Devil speaks Truth) I confess to you, that I am Gulty of all the mischief that is committed in this World, but since I have not power of my self, to do any thing without the use of the Instrument Man, who cannot be hurt but by himself, I have made use of the *Pope*, and the Jesuits, as my Sword: and my Poyson, with them I have wrought you sufficient mischief; and to tell you the plain truth of it, do still intend to do the same, look to your selves as well as you can, therefore I will turn my self from you, and speak a word or two of comfort, to my fellow sufferers, and so conclude, tho I look younger then you, and that I have no beard, for you must know the Infernal Flames sing'd it off continually, yet you know I am Older than you, and Old enough to be your Father, therefore my dear Sons, both *Pope* and Jesuits, you I have long counselled you, and by my Counsel you have chiefly maintained the greatness in this World; ever since that

that Ambitious *Pope*, who first of all laid claim to that Spiritual Jurisdiction over all other Bishops, and would exercise dominion and Lordship over all the rest, did not I make the Emperour of the East, who was a murderer and usurper, to place St. *Peters* Chair, for this *Pope*, to sit in, and have not I been ever since faithful to your Conclave, and possessed the Chair that is set amply for another Body, but possessed still by me, and have not I ever since inspired most of the predecessors, as I could Name them to you, but that I love brevity: as ill trained as others: and among the rest, *Pope Foane*, have not I made some of them Conjurors, Blasphemers, open Buggerers, and Calamities; and most raging and Bloody persecutors: but I will not innumerate all my Services, both to you my Son the *Pope*, and also to my dear Younger Son the *Jesuit*: begotten from a Lame Pocky Souldier; Ignatious, have not I made you greater, and of more power and Riches; than ever the *Templers* were: and have not I called a Privy Council in Hell, of all the Cunning and Sophisticating Spirits there, to extract a Quintessence, of Subtil Principles, and Moralls, and for you to walke by, and to maintain; and have I not brought you into all the Courts of Christendom: and do not you manage the Affairs of the whole Christian World. By my means and contrivance; let this then comfort you in this day of Tribulation, that I will not forsake you at the last Hour: but am willing to enter the Flames with you here, and to accompany you in those hereafter in my Kingdom, therefore you need not bee afraid of being Burnt, since tis the Element I live in, and which you must also Live in, and you know we have Sworn never to forsake one another, but to Live and Die together, therefore these wise People have put us deservedly together: knowing our Friendship, intimacy, and confederacy; grieve not therefore at this suffering, for it is but a Type and shadow of what is to come, and what you ought to expect, *Consideratis, Considerandis*. With this the People gave a great shout, which being silenced Queen *Elizabeth* made this short Speech, with great gravity.

QUEEN ELIZABETHS SPEECH.

Good Pople all, it rejoyces my Soul, and Heart, that still beholds your Pious love to my Memory, to see this day, that the Image of the Beast, and the raging Monster, the *Jesuit* may be yet so freely burnt in these Streets, notwithstanding their endeavours of in kindling other Fires of Flesh and Blood, in this place, notwithstanding the pretences of the *Pope*, and the asserted Innocency of the *Jesuit*, you do not amiss in making this Bon-fire, and burning their Effiges, for thereby you would shew them the affection, to the reformed Religion, and your disaffection to all the Trash, Trumpery, and Idolatry, and Blasphemy, of the Romish; that they might thereby have their hopes dash'd, from attempting to bring in their Religion, into a place so generally disaffected to them, neither can any temporal Prince, take exception at a thing done by no other Authority, shall the joynt affection of the Common People, who are sometimes *Foxe Die*, and are not to be restrained in such Cases: you meddle not with his Temporallity, but his Spiritual usurpation and Tyranny over Souls, besides I consider the many Provocations of late, more than usual, to exire, and exasperate the minds of People against them, by their most horrid imaginations, and contrivances. I know you still remember the many Treacherous ways these guilty persons had, to take away my Life, for which some few then suffered: then the Horrid and Devillish Powder Plot, to blow up my successor, next the late bloody Wars, and the desolation of the Glorious Marrier King *Charles*, effected by their Treachery and designs: and now lastly the most horrid Plot, against the Life of the great Monarch, and merciful Prince; that now Reigns over you, and yet more lately, notwithstanding their suffering for their so late Crimes, their Hell hatched and neatly contrived Conspiracy, to throw all their Villany upon the reformed, both of the Church of *England*, and the *Brethertans*, so Wicked as before was never the like Read, or heard of, to be contrived. I say all this being considered, you have just cause to shew the disaffection to their evil ways, and they suffer also very justly, for their Wicked Crimes, in Effiges.

With this the People giving a great shout, the Images were thrown into the Fire, with general joy, and exclamation.

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